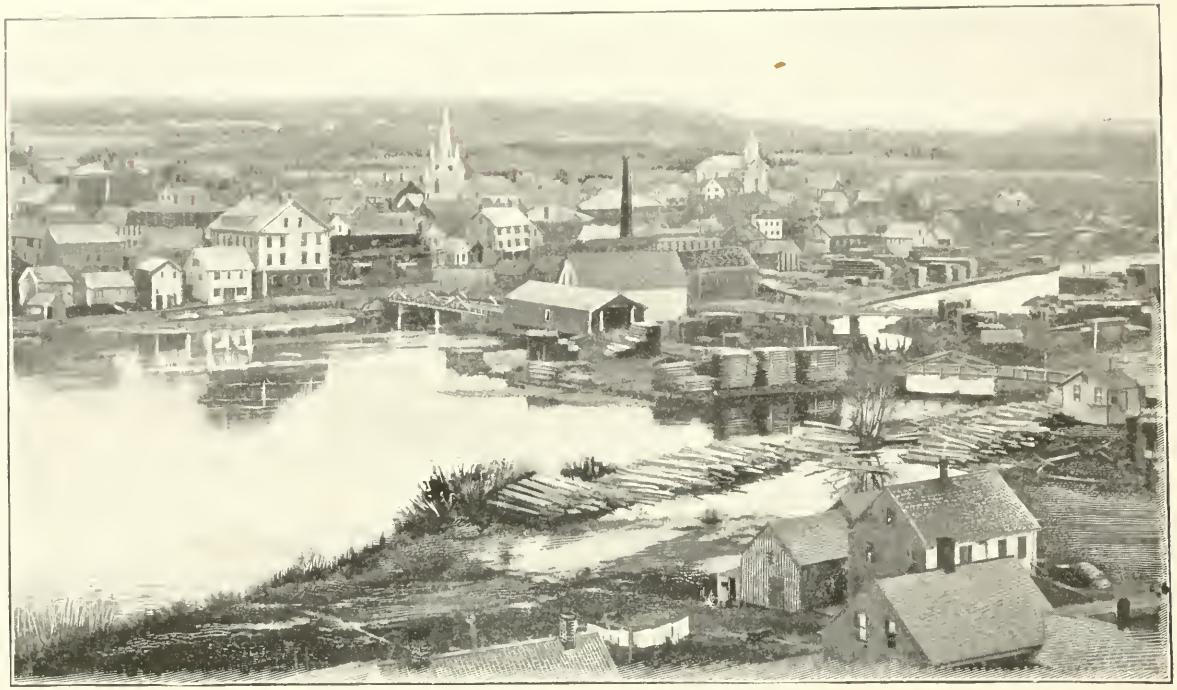

MACHIAS, ME.

In this partial view of Machias, may be seen what is now known as the LOWER BRIDGE, (the one nearest to the harbor). This bridge stands on the site of a former one on which Lydia Whitney Sherman, when a child ten years of age, stood, in September, 1814, and witnessed the British Marines come up the river and land at wharves on the northern village side; and the British soldiers as they crossed over the bridge into the village, to take possession of the town, during the War of 1812.

MEMORIALS OF LYDIA WHITNEY SHERMAN

Who Passed Away March Eighteen Anno Domini Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Eight : : : : : : : : : : : : :

EDITED BY GEORGE W. SHERMAN
:::AND ANDREW M. SHERMAN:::

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ANDREW M. SHERMAN

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THE JERSEYMAN PRESS
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DEDICATION

To the decendants of Lydia Whitney Sherman this memorial volume is affectionately dedicated, in the earnest hope that by them her many virtues may be sacredly cherished, and faithfully emulated.

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."—Matthew 28:20.

"Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me."

"And, when the stream
Which overflowed the soul was passed away,
A consciousness remained that it had left,
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory, images and precious thoughts
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed."

"Like swallows we wander from home to home—
We are birds of passage at best—
In many a spot we have dwelt awhile,
We have built us many a nest.
But the heart of the Father will touch our hearts,
He will speak to us soft and low,
We shall follow the *Voice* to the better land,
And its bliss and its beauty know."

MEMORIA IN ÆTERNA

In grateful remembrance, with sincere affection and with profound veneration, we, the children of Lydia Whitney Sherman, publish this memorial volume of our Dear Mother

ANNO DOMINI NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWO.

"She hath done her bidding here,
Angels dear!
Bear her perfect soul above,
Seraph of the skies, sweet love."

ERRATTA

Page 29, line 2, *for* Crocker *read* Crooker.
Page 29, line 2, *for* Lazael *read* Lazell.
Page 63, line 8, *for* wings *read* winds.
Page 115, line 3, *for* gersons *read* persons.

LYDIA WHITNEY SHERMAN

EARLY LIFE

"Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain."

"The young! Oh what should wondering fancy bring,
In life's first spring-time but the thought of spring."

Mrs Lydia Sherman

The autograph, of which the above is a fac-simile, was written by our mother in the year 1861, when she was about 57 years of age. It was a part of her address given to her son, Nathan Lazell Sherman, in a letter written to him while he was serving in the United States Navy, during the Civil War. The above portrait was made from a photograph taken when our mother was about 77 years of age.

"The resurrection is the silver lining to the dark clouds of death, and we know the sun is shining beyond."

LYDIA WHITNEY SHERMAN

EARLY LIFE

WASHINGTON COUNTY, MAINE, as the maps indicate, lies in the extreme South-eastern corner of the State, adjoining the British province of New Brunswick on the North and East.

Machias, the shire-town, is situated on the river of the same name in the South central portion of the county, and about six miles inland, North, from the Atlantic Ocean. The Machias river, which empties into Machias bay, at Machiasport, some four miles Southeast from the county seat, divides the village, a portion lying on the Northern, and the remainder on the Southern side.

For many years Machias was known as the "West Falls Village," by way of distinction from the "East Falls Village," now East Machias.

The falls at Machias—the Indian name of which was "Kwaps-hitch-wock," signifying "the bad place of the water"—from which the village derived the name above-mentioned, are situated in the upper central portion of the village; and, as the waters rush madly, and with resistless force over the river-bed boulders, and between the huge and precipitous rocks, that rise on either side of the narrow gorge through which they pass, scattering their silvery spray in all directions, they present to the eye of nature's lovers a picture of rare beauty.

Machias was permanently settled in the year 1763, only 41 years prior to our mother's birth, by a few hardy, resolute and heroic men, and their families, mostly from Scarboro and vicinity, in the Western portion of the State, who had been drawn thither by the timber and grass with which that

WEST FALLS, MACHIAS, ME.

These falls, the Indian name of which was "Kwaps-hitch-wock," signifying "the bad place of the water," are situated in the upper central portion of the village.

region abounded; and, upon the lumber industry, chiefly, the town, with its population in the year 1902, of about 2,500, has been developed to its present flourishing condition. Associated with this picturesque town, and its immediate vicinity, are some of the most thrilling events in connection with the opening, particularly, of the Seven Years' Struggle for National Independence, and of the subsequent war of 1812; indeed, it has been publicly declared by a reliable authority, that Machias has a Revolutionary history "that may be told with the same pride, as is told the story of how 'the embattled farmers stood,' and repulsed the first attack of the King's troops at Lexington and Concord." Among the stirring historical events of which Machias and vicinity was the scene, may be mentioned in this connection: the erection of a liberty pole—or more strictly speaking, a liberty tree—on an elevation in the village overlooking the river, upon receipt of the report of the fights at Lexington and Concord; the

unqualified refusal of the inhabitants, upon peremptory demand, to remove this emblem of Freedom, notwithstanding the threat of Captain Moore, of the British armed vessel *Margaretta*, lying in the river, to fire upon and burn the town; the bold attempt on the part of some of the ardent patriots of the village and vicinity, on Sunday, June 11, 1775, to forcibly make prisoners of Captain Moore, and other officers of the *Margaretta*, while they were attending divine service in the Congregational Church; the capture of the *Margaretta* in Machias bay, on the day following, June 12, 1775, by about thirty-five men under the command of Captain Jeremiah O'Brien, in the American sloop *Unity;* the repulse and rout of the British forces at the "Rim," a few miles Southeast of Machias, by the American forces under the command of Major George Stillman, and Captain Benjamin Foster; the subsequent discomfiture, and precipitous retirement of the British forces, before the combined attack of the Americans and Indians, under the

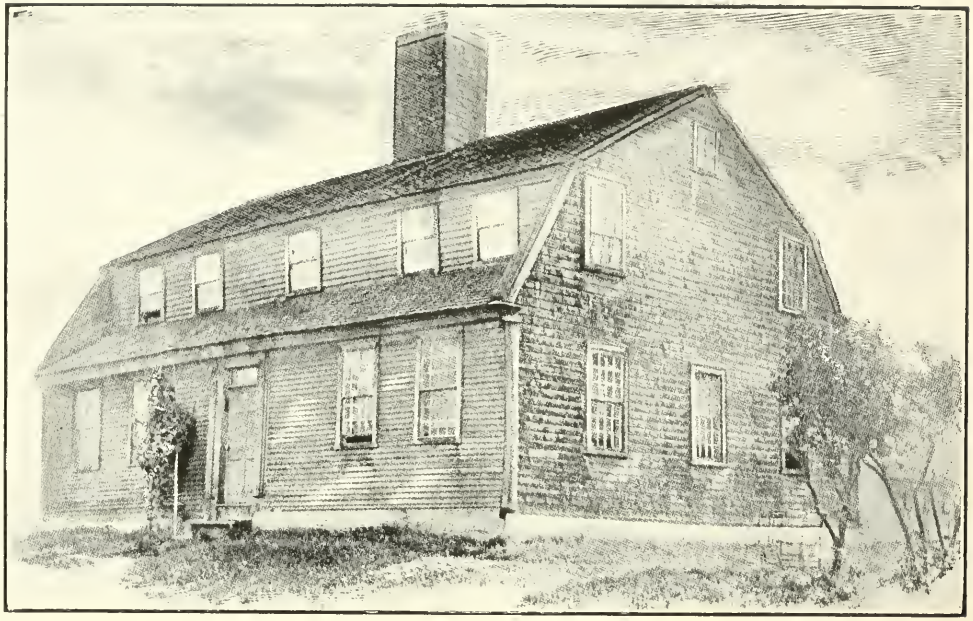
command of Captain Stephen Smith, at "White's Point"; the invasion of the town, in the year 1814, during the war of 1812, by the British military and naval forces; their encampment for about a week in the village-center, in the rear of the present court house, and on land belonging to Sheriff Cooper, popularly known as "General Cooper," and the search of houses and other buildings in the village, during the week, for arms and ammunition.

Too much praise can scarcely be given the inhabitants of this frontier town for the truly noble part borne by them, in the early months, particularly, of the War of the Revolution; in confirmation of which statement it may be remarked, that at the opening of this war there were less than one hundred single men in Machias; they were isolated from the other American colonists; they were in close proximity to the loyal British provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; they were without the sinews of war; they had only provisions for a few weeks, and yet, they fear-

lessly resolved to join the patriots of Lexington and Concord and Boston in their armed resistance to the persistent aggressions of the mother country, whose armies and fleets had already invaded American territory. An intelligent historian has most strikingly remarked of the inhabitants of Machias, in their connection with the inauguration of the War of the Revolution: "They were going to war with him (King George the Third) without one thought of the chances, and without waiting to know whether another colony, or another man, was likely to back them." Of these sturdy American frontiersmen it may with special aptness be remarked: "They dared be in the right with two or three."

And the women of Machias, not a few of whom bore a highly commendable part in the struggle for independence, may with splendid propriety have said:

"We are brave men's mothers, and brave men's wives,
We are ready to do and to dare;
We are ready to man your walls with our lives,
And string your bows with our hair."



THE HANSCOM HOUSE, MACHIAS, ME.

The house above shown is of the same style, architecturally, as that in which our mother, Lydia Whitney Sherman, was born on the 10th of June, 1804, in Machias, Me. It is still standing, and is one of the interesting landmarks of historic Machias.

In this historic New England village, there stood, (until about the year 1830) on an elevation on the Southerly side of the Machias river, and about a thousand feet back from and overlooking it, a two-story gambrel-roof house. This house, like most houses of the early days was painted red; and was of the same style, architecturally, as the famous "Hanscom House," still standing (1902) in Machias, a picture of which may be seen in this memorial volume. It was of somewhat larger dimensions than the "Hanscom House," having a larger chimney, and with an ell running out from the Southwestern corner. For many years prior to its demolition this house had been a conspicuous and interesting landmark in this historic village.

In this house, on Sunday, June 10, 1804, our dear mother was born, and here she spent her happy childhood.

Babe, at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land."

The house in which our mother was born faced North, toward the Machias river, with the "Port" road passing it immediately in the rear; and, from either river front corner of the house there ran a row of thrifty poplar trees nearly to the water's edge, affording in the summer season a refreshing shade, and adding materially to the otherwise picturesque appearance of the place. At the Western end of the house was an apple orchard, and at the Eastern end a plum orchard. In the front right hand corner of the house, as one approached it from the river, and on the first floor, was our mother's sleeping room, with one end window opening toward the beautiful tree-crowned hills that rose like ever-watchful sentinels above her home; and from the front there opened another window toward the river, whose shimmering waters were always a welcome sight. Beneath this latter window was a rose bush, a rare thing in those early days, which each summer-time greeted her youthful eyes with its profusion of beautiful roses,

the perfume of which was wafted into the open window, to mingle with the sweet fragrance of her unfolding life.

In her after life our mother spoke of a large boulder near the home of her childhood, upon which, with other children, she was fond of playing; and here she passed many a pleasant hour during that charming period of life, when the words of Goldsmith are so peculiarly true:

> "By sports like these are all our cares beguiled;
> The sports of children satisfy the child."

This boulder, which lay South-easterly from the house, and toward the "Port" road, has been removed, and only the site of it can now be located.

About midway between the house and the river, and somewhat to the East as one goes toward the latter, is a ledge of rocks, embedded almost level with the ground-surface; and near this ledge, during our mother's childhood, there flowed a spring of water from which the household needs were supplied. At this bubbling spring she doubtless knelt and drank;

and from this spring, with her own tiny hands, she carried the sparkling water for others' use. The ledge remains, but for some reason the water has ceased flowing. A picture of this ledge, showing the site of the spring above-mentioned, may be seen in this volume.

Upon the tranquil bosom of the river, whose waters rose and fell so near her early home, our mother, as a child, doubtless spent, in fragile boat, many a happy hour; rearing her bright castles in the air, as with dreamy brown eyes she peered into the mysterious future. It requires no violent stretch of the imagination to conceive her lively thought following the handsome ships, as one by one they took their departure from this busy port; and wondering what was in the great world outside, into which they so proudly sailed; and wishing that she, too, might see with her own eyes something of what lay beyond the narrow confines of her native town.

As her mind, in after years, reverted to her

childhood days, our mother could enter fully into the spirit of the familiar lines:

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollection presents them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy know."

Upon the plastic mind of this child the beautiful surroundings, and picturesque outlook, of her early home, must have exerted a moulding influence which time and its vicissitudes could scarcely destroy. The diurnal rise and fall of the tidal waters of the placid Machias; the handsome craft that upon the bosom of this river plied their busy commerce; the ships that rose majestically from rude keel to towering mast in the adjacent shipyards; the launching of the ships and all the circumstances attending these interesting occasions; the unceasing grate of saw and swash of wheel and thud of hammer in the village mills; the ever-present view of the Northern village across the river, with its numerous historic landmarks, and its church-spire significantly pointing heavenward; the hills that, in the eyes of childhood,

rose like frowning mountains in the rear of her home; the rare traditional and historic associations of this frontier town, with which she was already familiar; the uncommon educational opportunities and associations of her youth—all these must have been a source of inexpressible delight to the unfolding mind of this child, and left impressions which, during her subsequent life lingered as a perpetual joy in her memory.

In the month of September, 1814, during the war of 1812, the British landed a force on the Maine coast, marched overland to Machiasport, (some four miles South-east from Machias) and, early on the morning of the 11th of the above-mentioned month, surprised the American fort at that place with a superior force, from which the small garrison precipitately fled, hastening by way of Machias, Westward, toward Columbia Falls. Our mother's father, having early learned of the movements of the British forces, and anticipating their eventual march upon Machias; and, believing that in such an event they would search his

house, made up, on the evening of September 10th, a package of valuables in his possession, consisting of two thousand dollars in money, besides important papers. Early the following morning, this package was put into a bag, the bag carefully placed in a small basket and covered with eggs, so as to prevent suspicion of its contents; the basket was then given to our mother with instructions to take it to London Atus, (a colored man who had rendered important services to his country during the War of the Revolution) who lived two miles from her home, and on the opposite side of the river, and request him to "bury it where the British cannot find it if they come here." As early in the morning as she could see, mother started on her important errand. She was but about ten years old, and was somewhat small for her age. She started off, no doubt, with the same promptness and energy by which her subsequent life was characterized. Not a person did she meet on her way to Atus' place. The road was a lonely one, and at that

early date, but little traveled. She found Atus, and made known to him her errand; he took the package from the basket, and, going out behind his barn—mother following him—he buried it, she doubtless looking on with absorbing interest, as Atus safely deposited the precious package. After lingering a while, mother started to return. When on the bridge, which she had to re-cross in order to reach home, she saw the British marines, a portion of the force which had started for Machias, coming up the river in barges, striped white and red, and rowed by twelve men each. She saw them land at wharves in the village on the Northerly side of the river. While lingering on the bridge, she saw the British soldiers approaching to cross into the Northern portion of the village to take possession of the town. Pleased, no doubt, at the sight of this sturdy little girl in modest sunbonnet and shawl, standing with back to the bridge-railing, and courageously facing them, the mounted officers courteously lifted their red-plumed

hats to her as they passed; after which, to quote our mother's own words: "I ran home as fast as I could." The eagerness with which she related her experiences of the morning may be easily imagined; and when she had concluded relating what she had seen, her father considerately remarked: "I did not expect the British forces would reach Machias so early in the day, else I would not have sent you with the package." The early hour of the morning; the lonliness of the road, over which she probably, for the first time that morning, traveled; the importance of the task assigned her, and the tender years of the child, make the feat one worthy of special mention, and justly entitle her to be called "a little heroine." Our mother was explicitly charged by her father not to disclose to her playmates or other children, the contents of the basket nor the object of her errand to Atus; and if she could keep a secret as well in her childhood as in after life, no one received any information from her lips.

In after years our mother was fond of relating her experiences upon that September forenoon, and frequently remarked, that the sight of the marines as they were coming up the river in their barges, and of the soldiers, with their officers in bright uniforms and handsome plumes, was one of the most impressive she had ever beheld.

The houses of the inhabitants in the village were searched for arms and ammunition, by the British, as early, no doubt, as possible, after their arrival. They came to the house of our mother's father. Before entering, the British officer, detailed to conduct the search, posted several soldiers on the outside to guard the entrances; and mother could see them as they paced back and forth. The King's officer, upon entering, courteously made known the object of his visit; no objections were made to the search, but assurances given that every assistance would be rendered. From one room to another the officer was taken—mother, child-like, following, and witnessing

SOUTH BANK OF THE MACHIAS RIVER, MACHIAS, ME.

In this picture may be seen, a few feet back and up from the river, several conspicuous white spots; these mark the site of the ledge of rocks, and of the bubbling spring from which our mother carried water, when a child, for the use of the family. To the right, and somewhat back from the ledge, may be seen, near the high elms, the site of the house in which our mother was born, and where she spent her childhood. The house was torn down about the year 1825. It was of the same style architecturally as the "Hanscom House," a picture of which may be seen elsewhere in this memorial volume. (See page 9.)

the entire affair. The search completed, and no arms or ammunition being found, all returned to the sitting room on the first floor; and, after a lengthy social chat, the officer retired, taking with him the guards, and proceeding forthwith to other houses in the village for the purpose of continuing the search.

Our mother frequently remarked, as in after years she recalled the occurrences of that September day, upon the pleasant manners and gentlemanly deportment of the British officer who searched the house.

Mother has related many interesting occurrences in connection with the occupancy of Machias, by the British troops, which made deep and lasting impressions upon her mind, among which may be mentioned the following: Near the "Dr. Clark house," at the Northern end of the "lower bridge," which house the marines occupied, two marines gave an exhibition of their brutality by siezing a cat as it was running across the street, and deliberately pulling it apart.

The shooting by a guard, of a soldier (German), who it was said was trying to cross the bridge where the guard was stationed, for the purpose of deserting, was horrifying to our mother. The soldier's body as she distinctly remembered, was carried into a school house near by, placed in a rough board box, and afterwards taken down the river in the night, and sunk in deep water. The pool of blood, and subsequently the blood stains, on the bridge, where the soldier was shot, were for many weeks afterward a source of terror to our mother and other children of the village, who had to pass; and when they passed them they did so on a brisk run.

The British forces remained in the town about a week, and the soldiers were encamped on land in the rear of the present court house. Our mother, from her home on the opposite side of the river, could look across and see the white tents. The soldiers, she said, foraged liberally, taking whatever they wished from the gardens and fields, and killing cattle as they needed;

but they personally molested none of the inhabitants.

From her earliest recollections, and during the most impressionable period of her life, mother heard from the lips of active participants, the story of the great struggle for independence; and particularly concerning the noble part born by the liberty-loving people of her native town; and this accounts, in no small measure, for the staunch patriotism, and lively interest in the affairs of the country, which characterized her entire subsequent career. Our mother as will be noticed, was born but twenty years after the close of the War of the Revolution.

As a child, and during her entire residence in Machias, our mother attended the Congregational Church of that village. She was one of five or six children composing the membership of a Sunday School in Machias, gathered about the year 1812, by several devoted Christian women; and for a time their meeting-place was in the kitchen of Mrs. Doctor William Chaloner, where the Scriptures were read,

prayer was offered and hymns sung. It may be remarked that this Sunday School ante-dates, about five years, the first school organized in connection with the village church, and was also gathered prior to the organization of most of the Sunday Schools in America.

Our mother received her early secular education—a liberal one for the period—in the private and public schools of her native town; and after the completion of her studies, she taught for a time, in the public school of Machias.

As illustrative of the warm paternal love of her father it may be mentioned that he insisted, particularly during the closing years of his life, upon her coming, each day on her return from school, into his room, where, placing his hand upon her head, again and again he lovingly sought to impress upon her heart the importance of a pure womanly character. During her entire childhood and youth he sacredly guarded her from evil associations, even to the extent

of selecting the company she should keep, and his wise counsels were faithfully heeded. It was one of the pleasant recollections of her long life, that after her father's eye-sight began to fail, she regularly read to him, thus enabling him to keep in touch with the affairs of the world, in which he retained an interest to the last; and at the same time increasing her own fund of information.

After a few weeks confinement in bed, our mother's father died on the fifth of September, 1818; and was buried in the family burial ground in Machias, beside his wife, who had died a long time before. Before his death, he had told mother, that after his decease she was to go to his nephew's, in Machias, to live; and after her father passed away she, and her effects, were therefore taken there; where for a period she lived; and she was able, subsequently, to recall many pleasant recollections of her "home on the hill."

MAIDEN, WIFE AND MOTHER

"A child no more! a maiden now—
A graceful maiden, with a gentle brow;
A cheek tinged lightly, and a dove-like eye;
And all hearts bless her as she passes by."

"A mother is the truest friend we have. When trials heavy and sudden fall upon us; when adversity takes the place of prosperity; when friends, who rejoiced with us in our sunshine, desert us; when trouble thickens around us, still she clings to us, and endeavors by her kind precepts and counsels to dissipate the clouds of darkness, and cause peace to return to our hearts."

MAIDEN, WIFE AND MOTHER

ABOUT the year 1818 there went to Washington County, Maine, a young man—Aaron Simmons Sherman—from Marshfield, Massachusetts. He was from one of the oldest and most highly respected families of Plymouth County, whose paternal ancestors had emigrated from Old England to this country about the year 1630. In the town of Duxbury, adjoining Marshfield, this young man had been learning the trade of a carpenter and joiner, with a master whose specialty was church-building; and while yet an apprentice, he accompanied his master to Columbia Falls, Maine, where he assisted in the construction of the first Meeting House erected

in that town. He became an expert workman; and after the completion of his apprenticeship at the age of twenty-one years, he removed to Machias, where he set up in business for himself. During his residence there he assisted in building the first county jail at Machias; he built, in the same place, the house of Obadiah Hill, on High Street; the "Toll House"; the house of John Holway, on Elm Street, beside others; and he partially built the house of Daniel Longfellow, on Main Street.

In town affairs he took a lively interest. He was fond of company, very hospitable, and was, therefore, socially sought on account of his companionable qualities. Although he had at home been reared in the Baptist Church, with which his paternal ancestors had, for several generations, been prominently identified, he attended the Congregational Church, there being at that early period no church of his father's persuasion in Machias.

Being particularly fond of music, and possessing

VIEW IN MACHIAS, ME.

This is a partial view of the northern portion of the village of Machias, Me., as seen across the Machias river from our mother's early home. In this picture may be seen several buildings and spots of rare historic interest, including the Libby Hall, standing near the site of the first meeting house, erected in the year 1774; the house is occupied by Rev. James Lyon, the first pastor, and the house occupied by one of his predecessors, Rev. Marshfield Steele. (See page 11).

decided talent in that direction, he identified himself with the church choir, where for a considerable time he played the base viol. He was also a drummer in the local militia company*. Later in life he became an excellent performer upon other musical instruments, including the clarionet; and during his subsequent residence in Boston, he played in "Ned Kendall's" famous cornet band.

While a resident of Machias he became acquainted with his future wife; and this acquaintance ripening into mutual affection they were, on the tenth of March, 1823, united in marriage, Rev. Marshfield Steele, pastor of the Congregational Church of Machias, officiating. The bride was handsome, slight of build, weighing but one hundred and eight pounds; her weight in after years being one hundred and forty-five pounds. The ceremony

(*) NOTE—The paternal and maternal grandfathers were soldiers in the War of the Revolution. In the "War of 1812" his father commanded a company of militia, of which he, when about fourteen years of age, was the drummer. These facts account in some measure, at least, for his military spirit.

was performed at the residence of Colonel W. F. Penniman, a friend of the bride's father, deceased. This house is still standing (1902) and is in an excellent state of preservation. A picture of the room in which these two young persons were united in marriage, appears in this memorial volume.

"O sum and crown of happy life,
O day that dwarfs the years so small,
When merges Maiden in the Wife,
And love, itself, is all in all.

"Great hopes take color from to-day,
Tho' precious tears are gem'd to fall,
Love's rainbow spans life's arc alway,
For love, indeed, is all in all.

"Then drink to beauty in its bloom,
To manly promise in its youth;
The budded rose yields sweet perfume,
And souls that love unite in truth."

Father was an affectionate husband; patient, kind-hearted, and a liberal provider for the household. His home was well furnished with books, of which he was a generous reader; hence he was a well-informed man.

As a result of this union thirteen children were subsequently born, as follows, and in the order

named: Horatio Nelson, Lydia Leavitt, Isaac Winslow, Amelia Bartlett, Hellen Crocker, Nathan Lazael, George Witherell, Lucy Lovell, Ebenezer Lester and Ann Abbott (twins), Jacob Perkins, Andrew Magoun and Charles Lester. The three first-named children were born in Machias, Maine; one of whom, Lydia Leavitt, the eldest daughter, was born in the "Hanscom House," in the upper left-hand corner room as one approached the front of the house. This room may be definitely located by the partially raised window sash in the picture which appears in this memorial volume. The house is still standing (1902) and is one of the interesting Machias landmarks of the eventful past.

It is worthy of mention that each of these offspring, as they came into the light of this world, was welcomed by the fond mother who bore them. During their infancy and childhood she faithfully cared for and tenderly nurtured them, retaining a deep interest in them as they grew to manhood and

womanhood. To all of her children who died during her life-time, she ministered during their final illness, and closed their eyes in the earthly sleep that knows no waking; three of these were married sons, two of whom had children of their own. Not these five children only whom she followed to the grave, but her surviving off-spring as well, can affectionately say:

"A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive."

DEPARTURE FROM HER NATIVE TOWN

"Two hearts when one, no power can sever!
Pure souls in deep affection dwell forever;
The flame of love, e'en evercome will brighten,
And every sacrificial burden lighten."

"This fond attachment to the well known place
Where first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day."

"Sweet memory, wafted by the gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far lovelier flowers."

DEPARTURE FROM HER NATIVE TOWN

IN the month of November, 1827, our parents removed with their three little children from Machias, to the state of Massachusetts; and as that frontier town was not at that early day connected by railroad with the outside world, they were conveyed by a sailing vessel, Captain Delano, of Duxbury, Massachusetts, master. During the entire voyage, this devoted young mother was confined in a small cabin, which the Captain had courteously relinquished, with poor sleeping accommodations and meagre facilities for cooking and eating, rendering it difficult to properly care for her three children.

The inconvenience, and even hardship, to which

they were daily subjected, is in striking contrast to the ease and comfort with which one travels at the present time.

Soon after leaving Machias, the vessel, which was heavily loaded with lumber, encountered a severe storm, attended with strong head-winds; and, in consequence she was compelled to put into "Peperell Cove," on the Maine coast, for safety, where, with great difficulty, she anchored. Several other vessels had, for the same reason, sought a harbor in this cove. The fierce, driving storm carried the vessels with great violence toward the shore, dragging their anchors. They became unmanageable, and for a time each seemed bent on destroying the other. Some of the vessels were driven ashore and irretrievably wrecked. On board the imperilled vessels all was confusion: the crews and passengers were wrought up to the highest pitch of apprehension; moments seemed like hours. Captain Delano threw out a second anchor, but still his vessel rapidly

"LOWER BRIDGE," MACHIAS, ME.

This bridge stands on the site of the bridge on which Lydia Whitney Sherman stood, on the forenoon of September 11, 1814, during the War of 1812, and witnessed the approach of the British marines and soldiers who had come to take possession of the town. (See page 14)

drifted shoreward; and he concluded therefore, to cut away one of the masts. His affectionate consideration for his young wife is apparent in the fact that father went into the cabin, where mother and the children were, and informed her of the captain's conclusion, saying: "If you hear chopping on deck, and the falling of one of the masts, you need not be frightened." Once or twice the keen-edged axe was stricken into the doomed mast; but as the storm soon began to subside it was not cut away; and the vessel, hauling in her anchors and readjusting her sails, proceeded on her voyage. During the exigency just mentioned our mother was hopeful and brave to the last; never, for a moment, despairing of ultimate deliverance; and the fortitude then exhibited by her strikingly illustrates the same spirit which characterized her conduct amid the vicissitudes of a long and peculiarly eventful life. It should be remarked that Captain Delano's vessel, with its passengers reached in safety her destination—somewhat tardily, however.

Departure from her Native Town

CIVIL WAR

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty—
Of thee I sing."

"Our country's welfare is our first concern,
And who promotes that best, best proves his duty."

"The noblest motive is the public good."

"He who maintains his country's laws
Alone is great; or he who dies in the good cause."

CIVIL WAR

IT was during her residence in Derby, Connecticut, that the Civil War was in progress; and she was an ardent supporter, by influence and voice, of the Union cause, cheerfully giving five of her sons, among them her youngest-born, to the country's service, and declaring that she was "willing to yield them all for the preservation of the Union." From the commencement of that four years' struggle to its close one or another of her five sons alluded to were in the service—two in the infantry, one in the cavalry, one in the navy, and one in the hospital service—and during this entire period she kept up a correspondence with "her boys," following

them with a mother's warm heart from point to point of the various fields in which they were engaged. With the eager interest of a true and patriotic mother she watched the mails, and scanned the daily press, for "tidings from the front." Neither taunt of country's foe, of which there were not a few about her, nor temporary reverse to the Union armies, could dampen her ardor, or diminish her faith in ultimate triumph, during those four years of alternating victory and defeat.

Her joy knew no bounds when the welcome news of Lee's surrender at Appomatox flashed along the tremulous wires, sending a thrill of uncontrollable enthusiasm through all the loyal states; and, when peace was established, she could say with others, whose partings at the commencement of the Civil War had been "freighted with hopes and fears":

"Green on the wall
Of Memory's hall,
Twine garlands of laurel and myrtle for those
Who, passing the door of the bright evermore,
Fell as they fought, each face to the foe's."

Parlor in the House of Col. William F. Penniman, Machias, Me.

In this room our parents, Aaron Simmons, and Lydia Whitney, Sherman, were united in marriage, March 10, 1823, by Rev. Marshfield Steele, pastor of the Congregational Church in Machias, Me. (See page 28)

RESIDENCE AT
LYNBROOK, NEW YORK

"Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends."

"Friendship above all ties doth bind the heart,
And faith in friendship is the noblest part."

"O friendship! of all things the
Most rare, and therefore most rare, because most
Excellent; whose comforts in misery
Are always sweet, whose counsels in
Prosperity are ever fortunate."

"Live well, and then, how soon so e'er thou die,
Thou art of age to claim eternity."

RESIDENCE AT LYNBROOK, NEW YORK

UPON her removal to Lynbrook, New York, she lived with her youngest son, Charles Lester, who was engaged in a manufacturing enterprise; and when he disposed of his business and removed to the West, she went to live with George Witherell and Jacob Perkins, two older sons residing in the same village. With these two sons, and an orphaned grand-daughter, Hellen Estelle Sherman, our mother lived until she passed away. After her removal to Lynbrook she attended the St. James Methodist Episcopal Church; and in due time she united with that church, by certificate from the "Brooklyn Tabernacle," of which Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., was pastor. Of the St. James

Church she was a regular attendant during her entire residence in Lynbrook, until the infirmities of age prevented her enjoyment of the privileges of public worship. The last time she attended divine service was during the summer of the year 1897, when she was about 93 years of age, walking from her residence to the church, accompanied by one of her sons; and upon that occasion she received, at the close of the morning service, the congratulations of her pastor, Rev. William M. Carr, and of many of her friends, upon her ability to be present once more in the house of God.

She made numerous friends in Lynbrook, being particularly fond of young persons; and this fondness was strikingly reciprocated, in confirmation of which statement it may be remarked, that among her warmest friends and most regular visitors, were several of the young women of the church and village, who were not slack in the manifestations of their sincere regard.

Residence at Lynbrook, New York

For many years she had been accustomed to visiting her children residing in different states. A trip to Philadelphia by rail, or to Massachusetts by way of the Sound steamers, to Fall River, was a frequent occurrence with her, until the infirmities of age rendered it imprudent for her to travel. She was present at the installation, on Thursday, March 12, 1885, of her next youngest son, Andrew Magoun, as pastor of the Congregational Church at Aquebogue, township of Riverhead, New York; and she entered enthusiastically into the interesting exercises of the occasion. It was a matter of deep regret to her that she was unable, because of her advanced age, to be present at the installation of the same son, as pastor of the First Congregational Church, at Morristown, New Jersey, in the month of June, 1888.

CORRESPONDENCE

"True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth and choice; nor would I have
Virtue a popular regard pursue;
Let them be good that love me, though but few."

"A friend loveth at all times; and a brother is born for adversity."

"Heaven gives us friends to bless the present scene;
Resumes them, to prepare us for the rest."

"When true friends meet in adverse hours,
'Tis like a sunbeam through a shower;
A watery ray an instant seen,
The darkly closing clouds between."

CORRESPONDENCE

UNTIL her eye-sight failed, mother kept in close touch, particularly with her children, by means of regular correspondence. Neither was she remiss in the discharge of her duty in this regard to her friends. The following specimen letter written during the closing years of her life, to a young woman friend, is of a specially interesting character:

PEARSALLS, N. Y., February 18, 1892.

Dear Friend Mabel:—I received your most welcome letter and took very much comfort in reading the contents. If I could wield the pen of a ready writer I would answer your letter with the greatest pleasure; but I am very blind. I am most 88 years of age, so I know your good judgment will excuse all blunders. I think you must be making progress in all your studies. You have a great privilege. I hope you

will come to Pearsalls soon, and be sure to come here; we will be glad to see you. Yes, we are to have a new pastor soon, but who I know not. I hope, whoever he may be, he will preach the Gospel of Christ. We are soon to have a supper to raise money for the church; I hope we shall be successful. The new-comers are doing much to help along. I have many things to say but I fear my old ideas would not be interesting to you. Once it was no trouble for me to write, but it is not so now; but as you was so kind to spend your time to write to me it gives me pleasure to answer your letter. A very nice day here, but I am too lame to get out. I ought to write to three of my grand-daughters, but will wait until another day. Well, I hope you can read this. Please give my regards to your *mother* and all your family. My health is very good considering. I trust we will all meet again, and have a good social chat; if it is not to be so, may we meet in *Heaven*. Then our happiness will surely be complete. Please write to me again when you can spare time; it will cheer me very much. *Minnie Pilkington* is here to-day, so Nellie is taken with her.

From your true friend,

Lydia Sherman

P. S. Call me "Grandma" if you wish.

The following note received by mother from the young friend to whom the foregoing letter was

written, is worthy of insertion, as illustrative of their mutual affection: Correspondence

LYNBROOK, N. Y., Christmas, 1896.

My Dear Adopted "Grandmother"—Please accept this picture with best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Glad New Year.

Very lovingly your adopted grandchild,
Mabel (Jaques).

Seventieth Anniversary of Marriage

The following poem was written, and contributed in commemoration of the Seventieth Anniversary of our mother's marriage, by her eldest daughter, Mrs. Ellis Winslow Holmes, of Brockton, Massachusetts:

"Seventy years ago to-day
A maiden young and fair,
In bridal gown, and flowers white
Entwined in her beautiful brown hair,

"With a loving heart and true
Beside her trusted lover stood,
And gave to him her lily-white hand,
To be his through the ill and the good.

"She took up the manifold cares
And burdens of wedded life,
With the brave and trusting spirit
Of a loyal, faithful wife.

"A mother good and pure
She watched us with tender care;
Guided our footsteps aright,
Was ever ready our troubles to share.

"She taught us by example
To be loving and just and true;
To take up our burdens each day,
And bravely carry them through.

* * * * * * *

"Weak and faltering now her footsteps;
Dim the sight of the eyes once bright;
And the beautiful brown hair
Has turned to silvery white.

"Through a long and eventful life
Of years full eighty-seven,
The Father hath led her safely
Nigh unto her home in Heaven."

BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARIES

"Love brings roses,
Friendship brings rest,
Both having chosen,
Indeed thou art blest."

"It is just as we take it——,
This mystified world of ours;
Life's field will yield, as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers."

"No friend's a friend till he shall prove a friend."

"Embowered awhile so tenderly in hearts of love,
Like some pure gem, enclosed so safe in setting rare."

Residence of Messrs. George W. and Jacob P. Sherman, Lynbrook, N. Y.

In this house, in the front left-hand corner room (as one faces the house) and on the ground floor, our mother closed her earthly life, on the 18th of March, 1898. (See page 87).

BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARIES

FOR several years prior to her decease, our mother had formally celebrated her birthday anniversaries with a social gathering, sometimes of friends in the village, and sometimes of her children. The last gathering of this sort was in the year 1897, upon the anniversary of her ninety-third birthday; and to her and to her children then present, it was an event of rare interest. It was upon that occasion that one of her grand-daughters tenderly arranged "Grandmother's" hair, and gracefully ornamented her head with a black lace cap, that her appearance might remind the eager

spectators of "the days of yore." Upon these oft recurring anniversaries her friends in Lynbrook were accustomed to sending flowers to "Grandma Sherman," as she was popularly called, accompanied by notes breathing the tender spirit of friendship and love. Following is a specimen of these notes:

LYNBROOK, N. Y., June 10, 1894.

Dear Mrs. Sherman:—May this bouquet which we send as a token of our love and friendship remind you that we have not forgotten the birthday gatherings we have enjoyed together in the past, the memories of which are very pleasant to us and we believe they are to you. We hope the anniversary this bouquet is intended to represent will be the best of them all to you. May the blessing of God rest upon you and upon all of us; and when we have all finished our work on earth and have crossed to the other shore, where the sun eternally shines, what a birthday gathering that will be!

Yours truly,

The Ladies' Aid Society of the St. James M. E. Church of Lynbrook, N. Y.

The following notice which appeared in the "Brooklyn (N. Y.) Daily Times," of June 12, 1894, explains itself:

"GRANDMOTHER" SHERMAN.

Congratulations Received on Her Ninetieth Birthday, at Lynbrook.

"'Grandmother' Sherman, as everybody in Lynbrook knows her, completed her ninetieth year the day before yesterday, and a re-union of her children was held at her home. Mrs. Sherman was born at Machias, Me., on June 10, 1804. She is the mother of thirteen children, eight of whom are still living, the eldest being 70 years of age. She has twenty-two grandchildren and twelve great-grandchildren. Entering her ninety-first year she is blessed in the possession of all her faculties and reads, corresponds with her children and converses as brightly as a woman of 40. Patriotism was instilled into her heart when a child by the songs and traditions of the Revolution, and when a little girl she saw the British in the War of 1812 enter Machias. That the germs of patriotic love of country were well planted and deeply rooted needs no stronger proof than that she sent five sons to the front to fight for the preservation of the Union. The ninetieth birthday was celebrated in a quiet way, contributions in fruit and flowers being sent by admiring neighbors, among the floral tributes being a handsome vase of cut flowers sent by the Ladies' Aid Society. Mrs. Sherman's sons are all stalwart Republicans, and it is safe to assume that her grandsons and great-grandsons are also."

FONDNESS FOR POETRY

"O breath of God! breathed by his children now,
Free course his spirit hath; their souls aspire,
With life and love their hearts thou dost endow,
Baptized e'en now with warmth of heavenly fire."

"Poetry is music in words, and music is poetry in sound."

"Poetry has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."

FONDNESS FOR POETRY

OUR mother was very fond of poetry, which Emerson declares "is the consolation of men;" and of committing it to memory. On the anniversary of her seventy-fifth birthday, during a social gathering at the residence of her son, she recited, with little prompting, a poem of about one hundred lines, which she had some years previously memorized. She subsequently remarked, when relating her sensations upon the occasion mentioned, that "my heart came up into my throat." Having procured, about thirty-five years prior to her decease, from some source now unknown, two poems, to which she took a particular fancy, and which she carefully

preserved as long as she lived, she had about the year 1890 several copies printed for distribution among her friends. As illustrative of the evident trend of her thought at the period of her life when she had doubtless begun to meditate deeply upon her not distant departure from the scenes of this world, these poems are herewith published:

WHO WILL CARE?

"Who will care?
When we lie beneath the daisies,
Underneath the church-yard mold,
And the long grass o'er our faces
Lays its fingers damp and cold;
When we sleep from care and sorrow,
And the ills of earthly life——
Sleep, to know no sad to-morrow,
With its bitterness and strife——
Who will care?

"Who will care?
Who will come to weep above us,
Lying, oh! so white and still,
Underneath the skies of summer,
When all nature's pulses thrill
To a new life, glad and tender,
Full of beauty rich and sweet,
And the world is clad in splendor
That the years shall e'er repeat——
Who will care?

"Who will care?
When Queen Autumn's flowers bloom,
And she stoops in pity down,
With a white flower for our bosom,
Taken from her royal crown?
Who will come to kneel in pity
By our long and narrow bed,
When the wild wings sing their ditty
In the grasses o'er our head——
Who will care?

"Who will care?
When the Springtime's glad smile lingers
On the meadows, fair and wide,
And she drops, from rosy fingers,
Bloom and leaf on every side;
Who will come, with tender yearning,
To the graves of those they miss?
Who will sigh for our returning
To their presence and their kiss——
Who will care?

"Who will care?
Who will think of white hands lying
On a still and silent breast,
Never more to know of sighing,
Evermore to know of rest?
Who will care? No one can tell us;
But if rest and peace befall,
Will it matter if they miss us,
Or they miss us not at all?
Not at all!"

WE WILL CARE

"Oh, my friend, when you are sleeping
Underneath the grasses green,
And the blossoms o'er you creeping,
Their shy faces downward lean;
Do you think we can forget you
In your resting-place so low,
Where no griefs or cares beset you,
And no earthly woes you know?
We shall care.

"We shall miss your voice, and listen
For the steps we used to hear,
And our eyes will fill and glisten
As we check the starting tear;
We shall think of vanished brightness
That your dear eyes used to hold,
And the clasp of hands whose whiteness
Hides beneath the graveyard's mold——
We shall care.

"We shall pause amid the rattle
Of the busy, crowded street,
As we fight life's earnest battle,
Never dreaming of defeat;
We shall pause, in sudden longing
For the dear ones gone away,
In our hearts sweet memories thronging
Of a far-off vanished day——
We shall care.

"We shall come and kneel beside you,
With a yearning deep as vein,
Praying that no ill betide you,
Longing for your smile again;

We shall sigh to see the grasses
Creeping o'er your pulseless breast
When the wind shall whisper masses
For your soul's eternal rest——
We shall care.

"Oh, my friend, our hearts are tender
With the friendships which they hold,
And we all shall weep to render
One we love to earth's chill mold.
Think not we'll forget you,
Though our hearts may thrill to know
That no woes of life beset you
In your resting-place so low.
We shall care."

MOTHER'S BIBLE AND HYMN BOOK

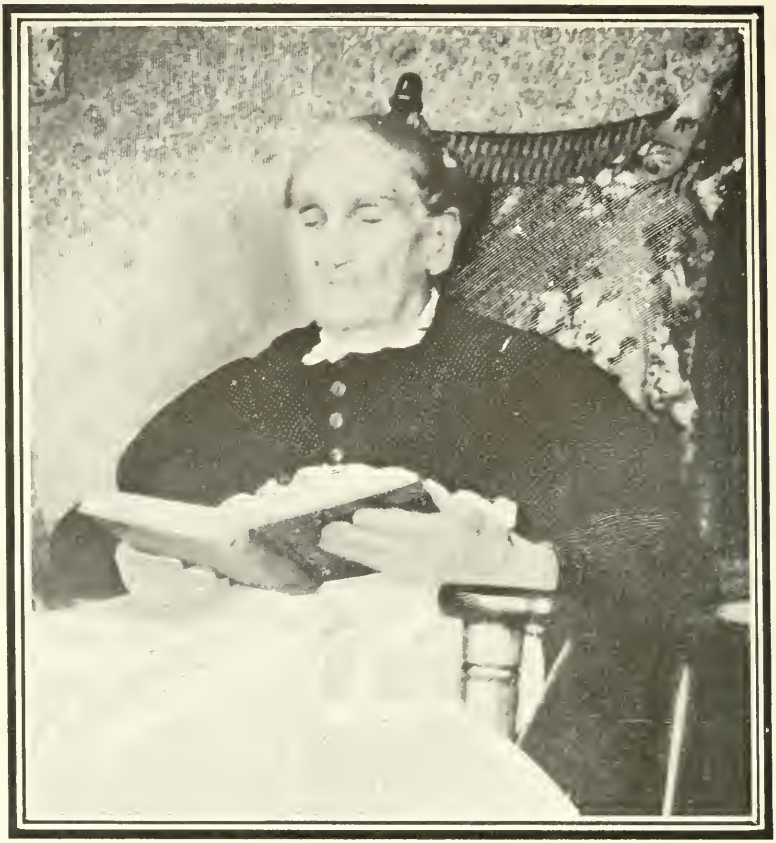
"Think not that unattended
By heavenly powers thou steal'st to solitude,
Nor yet on earth all unbefriended."

* * * * * * * *

"A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every page;
It gives, but borrows none."

"Learning is more profound
When in few solid authors 't may be found;
A few good books, digested well do feed
The mind; much, clogs and doth ill humors breed."

"Thy word is truth."



Lydia Sherman

Portrait of Lydia Whitney Sherman, from a photograph taken in her room April 27, 1897. She was born in Machias, Me., June 10, 1804, and passed away March 18, 1898. The autograph, of which the above is a fac-simile, which was written after a number of attempts, was the last ever made by our mother. It was written somewhere near the first part of 1898. Her son, George Witherell Sherman, with whom she lived, tried in all ways to aid and encourage her while she was making the effort to leave her children and other descendants what he believed would be her last autograph. Notwithstanding our mother was getting so blind and feeble, she made an heroic effort to please her son. She no doubt realized full well what he desired the autograph for, and that she was writing her name for the last time, which was the fact.

MOTHER'S BIBLE AND HYMN BOOK

A LARGE leather-bound book, printed in conspicuous type, containing the Psalms and the New Testament, was our mother's inseparable companion; and from this book, whose well-worn pages indicated constant use, she derived inexpressible comfort. It was one of the first objects to be seen on entering her pleasant room; and it almost invariably, when not in use, occupied the same spot on the top of a square stand in the corner. In the latter part of her life when her eye-sight became materially impaired, the large type in which this beloved volume was printed greatly facilitated her reading; and before the mental vision of those con-

versant with her daily life there still floats the lovely picture of this "Mother in Israel," seated in the old arm-chair, earnestly scanning its pages, and devoutly wishing, as may be reasonably inferred;

> "Oh, may these heavenly pages be
> My ever dear delight;
> And still new beauties may I see,
> And still increasing light."

This volume is sacredly preserved, having been presented to her grand-daughter, Hellen Estelle Sherman; and to future generations it will doubtless be a gentle reminder of its venerated original owner, and silently direct them, let it be hoped, to the pages of Divine Revelation for help in all times of need.

Another book of which she was particularly fond, and which also occupied a conspicuous place on the stand beside the volume already mentioned. was the Methodist Hymnal, purchased and presented to her several years prior to her decease by one of her sons; and her familiarity with its sacred poetry was plainly apparent from the numerous leaf-corners which she had turned down to locate her familiar

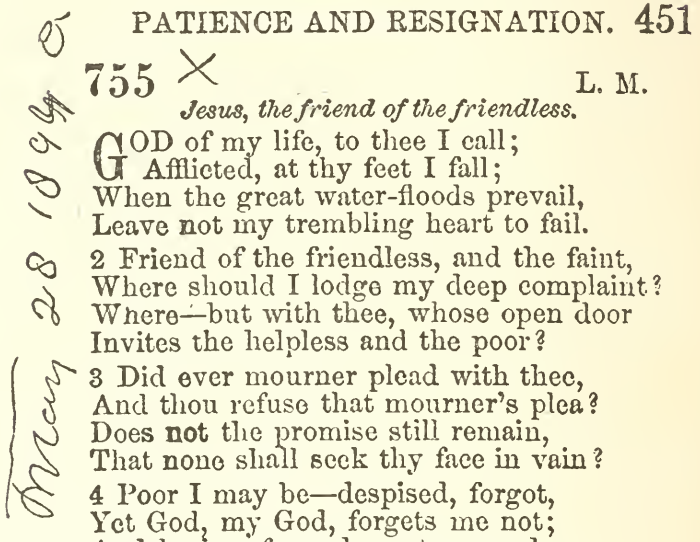
hymns. An examination of this hymn book will show, that on the margin of the leaf, and to the left of hymn number 755, entitled, "Jesus the Friend of the Friendless," there is, in her own handwriting, the following inscription: "May 28, 1894; C."; and to the right of the hymn number there may be seen a cross, (St. Andrew's) signifying that this hymn was a special favorite with her. The letter "C" was intended for the first initial of her youngest child, Charles Lester, of whom she was fond of speaking as "my baby."

Mother's Bible and Hymn Book

As indicative of the remarkable manner in which she retained the use of her mental faculties, during a period of life when most persons exhibit unmistakable signs of decaying powers, it may be said that a few days before her decease she repeated, from memory, the hymn just spoken of, to her grand-daughter, Hellen Estelle, notwithstanding the fact, that owing to the loss of eye-sight, she had not been able for several months, to read it. An additional proof of

her special fondness for this hymn may be seen in the fact that at the time she repeated it to her granddaughter, she requested that it be sung at her funeral; and this request was lovingly complied with.

Following is a fac-simile of the above-named hymn and our mother's writing on the margin of the page:



PATIENCE AND RESIGNATION. 451

755 ✕ L. M.

Jesus, the friend of the friendless.

GOD of my life, to thee I call;
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless, and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where—but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the promise still remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 Poor I may be—despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Saviour deigns to plead.

Among her other favorite hymns, as indicated by the turned-down leaves of the hymnal, were the following: "Immanuel's Praise"; "The Church Founded on a Rock"; "The River of Life"; "The Lord's Supper, Its Institution"; "The Danger of Delay"; "The Lord is My Keeper"; "Morning Sacrifice of Prayer and Praise"; "Perfect Security"; "Solitude"; "The Dying Christian to His Soul"; "The Prospect Joyous"; "God, the Nation's Guardian".

Following is one stanza of a few of the foregoing hymns:

The Church Founded on a Rock

With stately towers and bulwarks strong,
Unrivaled and alone,
Loved theme of many a sacred song
God's holy city shone.

The Lord's Supper; Its Institution

In that sad memorable night,
When Jesus was for us betrayed,
He left his death-recording rite;
He took, and blest, and brake the bread;
And gave his own their last bequest,
And thus his love's intent expressed.

The Lord is thy Keeper

See the Lord, thy keeper, stand,
Omnipotently near.
Lo! he holds thee by thy hand,
And banishes thy fear.
Shadows with his wings thy head;
Guards from all impending harms;
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

Morning Sacrifice of Praise and Prayer

Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all thy might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Perfect Security

Inspirer and hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian divine,
My all to thy covenant care
I, sleeping or waking, resign.
While thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me closer to thee.

The Dying Christian to His Soul

Vital spark of heavenly flame
Quit, O quit this mortal frame.
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying.
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

The Prospect Joyous

And let this feeble body fail,
    And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
    And soar to world's on high:
Shall join the disembodied saints,
    And find its long-lost rest—
That only bliss for which it pants,
    In the Redeemer's breast.

CLOSE OF LIFE

"Our care should not be so much to live long, as to live well."

"Our lives are albums, written through
With good or ill, with false or true;
And as the blessed angels turn
The pages of our years,
God grant they read the good with smiles
And blot the ill with tears."

"Life's evening, we may rest assured, will take its character from the day which has preceded it; and if we could close our career in the comfort of religious hope, we must prepare for it by early and continuous religious habits."

"Then let us fill
This little interval, this pause of life,
With all the virtues we can crowd into it."

CLOSE OF LIFE

WHILE attempting, in the month of February, 1898, to approach the door opening out of her room, for the purpose of calling to one of her sons in an adjacent room, she lost her balance, falling heavily to the floor, and seriously, as was afterward ascertained, injuring her hip. This resulted in confinement in bed during the few remaining weeks of her life. During this final illness her friends in Lynbrook manifested, in various ways, their kindness; notably, by the sending of delicacies to tempt her failing appetite; by the contribution of flowers to relieve the monotony of the sick chamber; by social visits and cheering words; and by friendly

notes, and calls at the door, when personal visitation was impracticable or injudicious. These were deeply appreciated by our mother, and materially assisted in soothing her declining days. The following is a specimen of the notes of friendship alluded to:

TUESDAY, A. M.

Dear Miss Sherman:—I cannot tell you how much I have enjoyed making this jelly for dear "Grandma." I hope it will do her some good; and if she enjoys and can eat it, it will give me a great deal of pleasure if you will let me make more when it is gone. The little bit of sponge cake I thought might be pleasant to eat with it; they are both so light they could not possibly harm her. And so I bid you good morning, knowing that every morning and every day is a good day in which we do our duty. If I can relieve you at any time please let me know. With sincere regard, I am yours,

ADELINE A. FAAS.

Lynbrook, N. Y.

A more beautiful illustration of undying affection is seldom witnessed, than the request, on mother's part, during her last illness, and the exaction of a promise to that effect from one of her sons, that after her decease, the remains of her husband, and infant daughter, Lucy Lovell, buried at Marshfield,

Massachusetts, be disinterred, and buried beside hers in the same plot where her remains should be deposited. For this purpose she lovingly insisted upon contributing a sum of money she had laid aside during the closing years of her life. She also requested that her remains be so buried, that upon one side should be the remains of her son, Isaac Winslow. Her wishes were gratified, and now the remains of father, mother and several children, lie side by side in the family plot.

"All else may perish!—but the sun
Of love outlasts! 'tis all in all."

Mother had in the past so frequently rallied from serious attacks of illness, that her friends confidently expected to see her "up and about again," able to receive their accustomed visits; but early in the month of March, 1898, she began gradually to fail, and it soon became apparent to those attending her that she was approaching the end of her earthly life. During the second or third call of her physician, Dr. F. T. DeLano, who had been the means of her

restoration from other serious attacks of illness, she expressed to him the opinion that this was her final illness, to which he cheeringly replied, that he thought she would be up and about again. Her response was: "It is the doctor's business to talk that way." Nothing was left undone that would contribute to her comfort; those in attendance were unwearying in their ministrations to her needs.

In connection with her conversation upon the subject of dying she requested, that each of her children should meet her in Heaven. In response to the wishes of her sons, with whom she lived, who began to realize that her hours on earth were numbered, Rev. William M. Carr, her pastor, spent the night of March 17 with her; and at the suggestion of one of her sons, Mrs. Hannah Clay, Mrs. Susan Abrams and Mrs. H. A. Lowden, three of her friends, came later in the evening, and remained until early morning of the following day. During her final illness mother was several times overheard

repeating the words: "Lo, I am with you alway." Soon after entering the sick-room, Rev. Mr. Carr enquired of her: "Is Jesus with you?" to which she promptly responded: "Jesus is here! Jesus is here!" In accordance with her previously expressed wish, Rev. Mr. Carr administered to her the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The remainder of the night was spent in prayer, which mother several times requested; and in the singing of hymns, among which was the one previously mentioned as having been selected by her to be sung at her funeral. At the conclusion of one of the hymns sung, the closing line of which was: "O bear me away on your snowy wings to my immortal home," she lifted her hand several times, exclaiming, "Beautiful! Beautiful!" During the singing of other hymns, when the sentiment was particularly appreciated by her, she would press the hand of her pastor, which sympathetically clasped hers. A short time before dying she affectionately kissed one of her sons

for each of her surviving children, as their names were one by one mentioned by him.

At about 9.45 o'clock on the morning of March 18, our mother passed peacefully and painlessly away, having with the exception of brief intervals, during her final illness, retained consciousness to the last moment of life. As she passed away her countenance was illuminated by an indescribably beautiful smile, suggestive, as it seemed to those at her bedside, of some enrapturing view that had fallen upon her vision, as life slowly ebbed away; and that smile, which was visible as she afterward lay in the casket awaiting burial, was like the smile on the face of the child who falls asleep at night, with the expectation of some joyous experience on the morrow.

"Beautiful toiler, thy work's all done,
Beautiful soul into glory gone,
Beautiful life with its crown won,
God giveth the rest."

FUNERAL OBSEQUIES

"Better a death when work is done, than earth's most favored birth;
Better a child in God's great house, than the king of all the earth."

"An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave—
Legions of angels can't confine me there."

"My prison walls cannot control
The flight, and freedom of the soul"

"A sacred sweetness on thy silent lips,
A solemn light upon thy ample brow,
That I can never, never hope to find
Upon a living face."

OUR MOTHER'S ROOM

In this room, in the house at Lynbrook, N. Y., shown elsewhere in this memorial volume, Lydia Whitney Sherman passed away March 18, 1898, when within two months of being 94 years of age. On the square stand in the left hand corner of the room, may be seen her three favorite books—the New Testament and Psalms the New Testament and Hymn Book. On the stand may also be seen her fan; and leaning against the wall at the left of the stand, is her cane. The chair is one used by our mother several years prior to her departure.

"Oh absence! skilled to lend to those we love
A fairy charm which makes us love them more."

FUNERAL OBSEQUIES

THE funeral exercises at Lynbrook took place at our mother's late residence on Washington Place, on Sunday evening, March 20, at 8 o'clock, Rev. William M. Carr, pastor of St. James Methodist Episcopal Church, officiating. Her five sons and one daughter, as follows, were present: Nathan Lazell, George Witherell, Jacob Perkins, Andrew Magoun, Charles Lester and Mrs. John C. Lovell. The following grandchildren were also present: Hellen Estelle Sherman, Lucy Brown Lovell and Charles Lester Sherman, Jr. In accordance with our mother's wish, among the hymns sung

by the quartette was "Jesus, the Friend of the Friendless."

Acting upon the suggestion of the family, Rev. Mr. Carr selected as his text, the words found in the twenty-eighth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, and the twelfth verse: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world"; and from these words he delivered an address of a highly appropriate character, an abstract of which, together with his account of the closing hours of our mother's earthly life, may be found on the concluding pages of this volume.

The remains were taken to Bridgewater, Massachusetts, where a religious service was held on Tuesday, March 22nd, at the residence of Mrs. Henry Perkins, corner of Main and Oak Streets. At this service the two remaining daughters, Mrs. Ellis Winslow Holmes and Mrs. Henry Perkins, were present. It was intended that at this service four grandsons, the children of Mrs. Perkins, should sing;

but owing to the unavoidable absence of one of them, that portion of the exercises was omitted. Rev. Edward S. Porter, pastor of the Central Square Congregational Church of Bridgewater, officiated.

Following is the report of Mr. Porter's remarks, which were admirably suited to the occasion, as it appeared in the "Bridgewater Independent" of March 25, 1898:

MRS. LYDIA W. SHERMAN.

The funeral of Mrs. Sherman at Lynbrook, Long Island, Sunday, was followed by memorial services on Tuesday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Henry Perkins, of Bridgewater. The officiating clergyman, Rev. E. S. Porter of the Central Square Church, spoke substantially as follows: Text: "Her children arise up and call her blessed."–Prov. 31:28.

There are various ways of making a life record, but none is so good as that which is written upon the memory. Acts of kindness, deeds of fidelity, are translated into affection and regard.

Thus the recollections and character of those who survive may easily be the best and truest biography of one who has gone. In the case of this mother in Israel, whose eyes have looked upon nearly a century of passing years, we find this is especially true. Her children arise up and call her blessed. From the book of their memory and from the testimony of their affection, we may draw the idea of a three-fold

blessedness. She was first of all blessed in her children. Them she loved, and for them, in large degree, she lived and labored. She welcomed them when they came, nurtured and trained them to the best of her ability, gave to them days and nights of motherly devotion, watched over them and did all that she could for their welfare. Her family, then, was the first sphere of her endeavor and influence. That therein she was faithful and true is evinced by the testimony of those to whom she gave life, no less than seven of whom are present here to-day.

Another circle of special interest and influence to Mrs. Sherman was her country. She was no mere dweller in the midst of stirring scenes, but she was an important factor in them. From her father, a distinguished officer of the Revolution, she inherited an intensely patriotic spirit. At the time of the War of 1812, she was present when a party of British landed on the coast of Maine, and stood near at hand while they marched past the place where she stood. In the war for the Union she sent with more than Spartan devotion five sons into the contest. She did not hesitate to lay what was dearest to her heart upon the altar of her country, but gave them cheerfully for the preservation of that Union, of that nation, which her father had fought to found and sustain. In yet another and even larger sphere her sympathies, interest and influence were actively engaged. The cause and kingdom of Jesus Christ were of the utmost concern to her. Wherever she was there she identified herself with the Christian Church. In Bridgewater she was connected with the Central Square Church; in Brooklyn, N. Y., with a Presbyterian organization; in Lynbrook, N Y., with one of the Methodist order.

BRIDGEWATER (MASS.) CEMETERY, AT MOUNT PROSPECT

The above picture shows the Sherman Burial Plot, on Laurel Avenue. In this plot the remains of our father, Aaron S. and our mother Lydia W. Sherman, and three of their children, are interred. The monument was erected September 20, 1898.

"Believing in the midst of our afflictions that death is a beginning, not an end."

In all the changes and trials of her long life, she found the consolation of religion her stay and support. In Maine, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, to whatever state or place she went, she took her Christian faith with her. In her last hours that faith was undimmed and clear. She gave no uncertain testimony, and at the very end exclaimed: "Jesus is here!" The presence of the Saviour of men was to her a joyful reality, and she believed that she was going to serve Him forever in mansions of light and peace. And from the brink of the grave, on the edge of eternity, she gave an earnest invitation to each of her children to meet her in Heaven. They have reason then to call her blessed who gave to them so much of affection that they could not fail to return that affection by every ministration of love and tenderness. They may call her memory blest whose heart and soul were wrapped up in the welfare of her country They may call her blessed who had in so eminent a degree the calm and peace of the Christian hope and joy.

At the conclusion of the exercises the remains were taken to the Bridgewater (Mass.) Cemetery at Mt. Prospect, where, after the usual ceremony, they were buried in the family plot, situate on Laurel Avenue, on one of the highest elevations of the beautiful grounds. As an expression of thoughtful affection flowers have since been placed on the graves in this plot by a daughter residing in Bridgewater. A

handsome granite monument has been erected to the memory of our father and mother, and their children, there interred.

"And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead."

HER MEMORY FONDLY
CHERISHED

"Love! thou hast every bliss in store!
'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more,
Each other every wish they give;
Not to know love is not to live."

"Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken."

HER MEMORY FONDLY CHERISHED

THE following letter from one of our mother's most esteemed friends who has, since its writing, passed into "the best of lands," is a most beautiful illustration of human sympathy and love:

My Dear Friends:—Many thanks for your kind invitation to be with you in your grief to-morrow night. Some of our family will attend, but I cannot. I am so very glad I saw your dear mother the last visit I was able to make when we sang together:

"For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand
Our friends are passing over;
And just before the shining shore,
We may almost discover."

Although my eyes "o'erflow with tears" I cannot help but rejoice with her as in vision I see her to-day; her feet so free to run to meet the Dear Lord whom she has loved and

served so long; her eyes unclouded now behold the King, "Our Father," in his glory and love for her, his faithful child, through all the toil and cares of this life. You cannot yet "rest beside the weary road to hear the angels sing," but I have been thinking what a blessed day this has been to her; how glad have her many, many friends been to greet her again, and what a pleasure to feel at last at home and never more to say, "I am sick" or fear to die. Heaven will never be again a strange or doubtful place to you all, but "home, sweet home," for mother is there; and although it is "farewell" now, it will be greeting very soon for all of us. May the Lord bless you and keep you; may the light of his face shine upon you, and give you his peace which passeth our knowledge. Sincerely your friend,

MARY E. JAQUES.

Lynbrook, N. Y., March 19, 1898.

[Mrs. Jaques went home to her "Heavenly Father," March 22, 1901.—AUTHORS.]

On each recurring anniversary of our mother's birth and decease, her friends in Lynbrook send flowers to be placed beside the easel in "her room" on which rests her portrait. Accompanying these flowers are notes fragrant with the sweet odor of cherished friendship; a few of these notes are herewith published:

My Dear Hellen:—Will you kindly place these (flowers) near "Grandma's" picture for me, in memory of the day. With sincere regard, I am

Her Memory Fondly Cherished

Yours most truly,

ADÈLINE A. FAAS.

Dear Miss Sherman:—They are only common flowers but are sent in loving memory of the dear old lady we always loved to greet on this anniversary.

Yours,

E. A. LOWDEN.

Lynbrook, N. Y., June 10. 1898.

MONDAY, March 18, 1901.

Dear Hellen:—Mamma has said so many times recently that she wanted me to be sure to send you some flowers on this anniversary of "Grandma's" death, that now, although she lies unconscious and we know not what moment will be her last on earth, I know that her love and sympathy go out to you all as much as of old. I send you a pot of flowers of her own raising—this special pot of Hyacinths having been her special delight in the last few days when she was conscious. Of my own love and sympathy you are aware. With love, I am yours,

MABEL (JAQUES).

Dear Miss Sherman:—My thoughts have been with you all many times from Saturday until now and I have been so sorry that I had no flowers worth sending you for "Grand-

mother," for most of my plants were frozen. I remembered to-day the poem I have copied from my scrap-book and have ventured to send you. I always call it "Grandmother's" poem, for from beginning to end it reminds me of her always, and I cannot read it or could not copy it without tears. Notwithstanding her wrinkles and her "old age" marks she used to speak of so often, "Grandmother's" hands were beautiful to me, for she was so affectionate with them, always clinging to me and often kissing mine, when mine never did half for her that they ought to. But I did love her. The second verse brings her to me as she lay so lovely in her coffin. I never saw any one look more lovely. And we surely know she is in the "best of lands"; so with affectionate remembrances I send you what I shall always call "Grandmother's" poem. Yours,

E. A. LOWDEN.

Lynbrook, N. Y.

Folded Hands

Pale withered hands that more than four-score years
Had wrought for others—soothed the hurt of tears,
Rocked children's cradles, eased the fever's smart;
Dropped balm of love in many an aching heart;
Now, stirless folded, like wan rose leaves pressed,
Above the snow and stillness of her breast
In mute appeal they told of labors done,
And well-earned rest—that came at set of sun.

From the worn brow the lines of care had swept
As if an angel's kiss, the while she slept,
Had smoothed the cobweb wrinkles quite away,
And given back the peace of childhood's day.

And on the lips the faint smile almost said
"None knows life's secrets but the happy dead."
So, gazing where she lay, we knew that pain
And parting could not cleave her soul again.

And we were sure that they who saw her last
In that dim vista which we call the past,
Who never knew her old, and laid aside,
Remembering best the maiden and the bride,
Had sprung to greet her with the olden speech,
The dear, sweet names no later lore can teach,
And "Welcome Home," they cried and grasped her hands;
So dwells the mother in the best of lands.

—*Margaret Sangster.*

The old arm-chair which our dear mother used, for several years prior to her decease remains in her room, a sacred object to her children and friends.

The blessed book containing the Psalms and the New Testament, and the Methodist Hymnal, which for many years were our mother's constant companions, and her unfailing solace, are in their accustomed places on the square-top stand in the corner. The cane on which she leaned for support while the feebleness of age was upon her, stands useless, except as a gentle reminder of the past, in its wonted place.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER OF REV. WILLIAM M. CARR

"One in whom persuasion and belief
Had ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition."

"Press on! there's no such word as fail;
Press nobly on! the goal is near—
Ascend the mountain! breast the gale!
Look upward, onward—never fear!
Why should'st thou faint? Heaven smiles above
Though storm and vapor intervene;
That sun shines on, whose name is Love,
Serenely o'er life's shadowed scene."

* * * * *

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER OF REV. WILLIAM M. CARR

EXTRACTS from a letter of Rev. William M. Carr, pastor of the St. James M. E. Church, of Lynbrook, N. Y., to one of Mrs. Sherman's sons:

MAY 16, 1898.

Dear Brother:—I will endeavor to-day to reply to your favor of the 3d inst. in which you requested me to furnish some facts and thoughts which I might have in mind respecting the closing hours of your loved and venerated mother, Lydia Whitney Sherman. When I was appointed pastor of St. James M. E. Church in Lynbrook, N. Y., April, 1896, I found as the eldest member of the church, your mother. I was asked by several of our people to call upon her, as, owing to her advanced age, being then ninety-two years of age, she was denied the privilege of frequent attendance of the sanctuary. This I hastened to do, and always derived pleasure and profit from my visits. The last and the only time she attended divine service during my pastorate was

one Sunday morning sometime in the summer of 1897. She was then ninety-three years of age, and I congratulated her on walking to church at such an advanced age, and so did many others. In my visits upon "Grandma Sherman" as she was popularly known in Lynbrook, I was impressed with her humility of character. She thoroughly exemplified the trait commended by our Saviour, when he said, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Another characteristic was her fearlessness in denouncing wrong in any form wherever found, in high places or low; at home or abroad. After she had expressed her disapproval, she would usually close with some words expressive of her own unworthiness, and a fear lest she had gone too far. I could not help thinking that in the days of her full physical vigor she must have been a powerful advocate of right and a denouncer of all that was wrong.

Another remarkable fact, of which however others are better qualified to speak than I, was that four of her stalwart sons were given to the Army and Navy in the Civil War. She was intensely patriotic, and I am convinced that had she a dozen sons to give, she would have had the spirit of Spartan devotion to her country that would gladly have consented to have every one march to the scenes of conflict.

She took a lively interest in the moral and spiritual welfare of the community, and repeatedly regretted her inability to do more for those about her. * * * *

I also told her on that occasion that at the next communion service I was expecting to take some of the consecrated wine the following week and administer the Holy Communion to some of the old people who were members of the church and prevented by reason of age and infirmity from

attendance at church, and asked her if I should include her, and she expressed her gratitude for the privilege offered. In a few days she sustained the severe fall from the effects of which she never recovered. I called several times to administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, but she was unable to see any one. On Thursday evening, March 17, 1898, I had just retired when the door bell rang and her son George was at my door, and said he thought his mother was dying, and enquired if I could come over. I replied that I would be right over. After hastily dressing I went to the house and met her physician, Dr. Delano, to whom she was greatly attached, who told me that "Grandma," could not live long. I asked him if a little wine given her would do any harm. He said, "no." After greeting "Grandma," who recognized me, I asked her if she would take the communion; she said, "yes." I gave her the wine, and read a few words of the service. * * * * * * *

Extracts from a Letter of Rev. William M. Carr

Mrs. Susan Abrams arrived about midnight. "Grandma," also asked that Mrs. H. A. Lowden and Mrs. Hannah Clay, living next door, be summoned. This was done and all three ladies as well as myself spent the night—the last night of "Grandma" Sherman's long earthly journey in her company, together with her faithful grand-daughter Hellen Sherman.

"Grandma" called occasionally for another prayer. The wish was gratified at each request. I asked her shortly after midnight if she would like to have us sing; she expressed her pleasure, and her son brought an old Methodist hymnal which he had purchased for his mother some years before. In this book she had marked one which is numbered

625 in our present hymnal, which her grand-daughter Hellen said was her favorite and which she requested should be sung at her funeral. * * * * * I omitted saying that soon after coming into the room I asked "Grandma" if Jesus was with her. She immediately replied with much fervor: "Jesus is here! Jesus is here!" Every Christian heart will say at once that this testimony given just as our sister was "sweeping through the gates into the New Jerusalem," was a remarkable fulfillment of the promise of our Saviour in Matt. 28 : 20, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world"; and of the Twenty-third Psalm, 4th verse, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." I will only speak of our sister's expressed pleasure when we sang Philip Phillip's beautiful "Home of the Soul;" and when we sang that old and well known hymn:

"My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is almost run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun;"

and the chorus especially:

"O come angel band, come and around me stand.
O bear me away on your snowy wings to my immortal home;
O bear me away on your snowy wings to my immortal home!"

After this hymn was sung by us all, which it seems to me was never sung under more appropriate circumstances, she lifted her hand again and again, saying: "Beautiful! Beautiful!" Her son remarked again and again, "What a comfort it is to mother to have these songs and prayers."

All the time "Grandma" was gradually failing in strength, and it was difficult to ascertain whether she were

still alive, except as her son would say: "Mother, kiss me;" when she would invariably respond with an affectionate kiss. * * * * She relapsed, with longer and longer periods of unconsciousness as morning approached, rousing herself occasionally to call for one or the other of her sons; and at 10 o'clock the following morning her long and successful warfare was accomplished. Thus passed away from earth to heaven one of the most remarkable women I have ever met. That last night was to me a benediction which I shall never forget.

The funeral services were held on the following Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, at her late residence and was conducted by the writer. The text was an appropriate one, selected by the family,—Matt. 28:20, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." After a brief introduction the speaker referred to the Master's fulfillment of this promise to men, and how fulfilled. Secondly: How much better for humanity as a whole that the Master be with men in the spirit than in the flesh. Thirdly: A brief biography, and description of our sister's closing hours. A quartette chorus sang impressively. The floral decorations were profuse and appropriate, especially a pillow with the motto "Jesus is Here" on its upper side. The house was filled with a large company of relatives and friends. Good-bye, "Grandma" Sherman; we shall meet again, never to say "Good-bye!"

WILLIAM M. CARR,

Pastor of the Parkerville M. E. Church, Hartford, Conn.

(The hymn below was one of our mother's special favorites, and was among the hymns sung during the night before she passed away, by her pastor and other friends who had gathered for the purpose of administering consolation).

HOME OF THE SOUL

I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on that glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

That unchangable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands,
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands

Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands
To meet one another again.

PRECIOUS THOUGHTS THAT SHALL NEVER DIE

"Virtue alone outlives the pyramids;
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall "

"O, may we follow undismayed
Where'er our God shall call!
And may His spirit's present aid
Uphold us lest we fall!
Till in the end of days we stand
As victors in a deathless land."

"Sweet souls around us, watch us still,
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide."

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR

"I love it, I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed it with sighs.
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;
Would you know the spell? A MOTHER SAT THERE!
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair."

[Above may be seen a picture of the rocking chair used by our mother for several years prior to her departure.] (See page 99).

PRECIOUS THOUGHTS THAT SHALL NEVER DIE

"And when the stream
Which overflowed the soul was passed away,
A consciousness remained that it had left,
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory, images and precious thoughts
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed."

THE bodily presence, which for the space of four score years and fourteen had actively mingled in the scenes, and assisted in no insignificant measure in shaping the events, of this earthly life, is gone; but the memory of her life and character, and of her triumphant Christian departure, will linger as a sweet fragrance, and will prove a priceless legacy to future generations of her descendants and friends—a legacy immeasurably transcend-

ing in genuine value, the most generous gifts of material possessions—since such memory, suitably cherished, as it is sincerely hoped it may be, can scarcely fail to incite to earnest endeavor toward the attainment of a Christ-centered character which shall richly adorn the life which now is, and minister at the last, an abundant entrance upon the realities of the unseen, but not distant spiritual realm.

It seems highly fitting in the concluding lines of this memorial volume to briefly summarize, and particularly emphasize the elements of our mother's character already incidentally mentioned, and others to which allusion thus far has not been made.

To say that she was well endowed by inheritance, and by subsequent cultivation, with strength of character, is but to repeat what has run like a golden thread through the pages of the foregoing life-sketch. This strength of character she exhibited under peculiar combinations of circumstances, which would have overwhelmed and crushed a woman of

ordinary character; but in the face of which she was truly heroic, and out of which she rose with aspirations unquenched, and honor untarnished.

In her disapproval of whatever she deemed wrong our mother was uncompromising, whether that wrong was discovered in her friends or in others. This characteristic was strikingly illustrated in her attitude with regard to the temperance question. Throughout her long life our mother was the unqualified foe of intemperance; and at different periods she had been an active member of several temperance organizations; and her utterances in private conversation, and upon public occasions, upon the subject of temperance, left no one in doubt as to her attitude in the matter. Such, indeed, was her antipathy to the use of intoxicating drinks that she reluctantly consented to use them even medicinally.

She had in a high degree "the courage of her convictions," and dared stand faithfully by them and denounce wrong wherever she saw its hideous

head arise, regardless of consequences; and if her frankness sometimes aroused antagonism, it ultimately commanded respect; her earnest espousal of the cause of the Union in "the sixties" might be cited as a conspicuous illustration. Hers seemed a nature born for exigencies, and these, as they arose, as not infrequently during her career they did, brought out the native strength of character which under ordinary circumstances seemed like the smouldering fire, to slumber.

Wherever she resided our dear mother made numerous friends, and, by the genuineness of her upright character she held them; seldom, indeed, did she lose a friend once gained. She was herself a true friend, and would allow neither obloquy, nor aught else, to cause her to withdraw confidence from one in whose integrity of character she had once believed. Hers was no butterfly friendship, but was of the Ruth and Naomi type.

Our mother was extremely fond of company; she

was very social, and delighted in entertaining her friends; and to the close of her life she was particularly fond of young gersons, by whom this fondness was strikingly reciprocated. This may be explained by the fact of her remarkable buoyancy of heart, and her warm sympathetic nature, which enabled her, without effort, to enter into the spirit, and adapt herself to the habits of thought and methods of action, of the young, in a manner, and to a degree, which was the wonder and admiration of her friends; of our mother it could be truly said: "She wore the rose of youth upon her."

Our mother kept herself in close touch with the world almost to the last, manifesting a lively interest in its affairs, and conversing intelligently upon current events; conversing, as a visitor enthusiastically declared, "as brightly as a woman of forty."

Our mother's sympathies were warm and broad, and went out particularly toward those in trouble, whether that trouble were of body, mind or spirit,

and as opportunity offered she was unstinting in her helpful ministrations to such. The sick and sorrowing and needy could always command her services; and the calls upon her were neither few nor infrequent. To her neighbors she was invariably obliging—ready always to do them a kindness; "ready," as one who knew her well has said, "to perform a service for any one." "She thought for others rather than for herself," was the high tribute paid her by an another intimate friend.

Of her qualities as a mother, where shall language be found to suitably speak? She was one of the most motherly of mothers. Fully realizing the care and responsibility of rearing children, she welcomed, as, during the closing months of her life she was heard to proudly declare, each of her offspring as they came into life. She was fond of them; she was unwearying in her efforts for their welfare; she was ready day and night to respond to their numerous and varied calls. With undying affection

our dear mother followed her children from the home circle out into the battle of life; rejoicing with them in their successes; sympathizing with them in their troubles; hastening to minister to them in their sickness and sorrow, and closing the eyes of several of them in death's unbroken sleep.

She was a pattern of industry; she was never idle; she could and would always find something to do to occupy her time; of her it could not be said: "She was a disinterested spectator of the great drama of human existence." It was no ordinary tribute paid her by a highly intelligent friend, who was intimately acquainted with our mother when she was in middle life: "I remember her as energetic and capable." Our mother lovingly but firmly insisted upon her children attending Sunday School and Church; and such was her desire for the secular education of her children, that to the full measure of her ability, she performed a mother's part toward the accomplishment of this end.

By nature religiously inclined, she early began the cultivation of "the presence of God," and in due time identified herself with the Christian church; and neither change of residence, or other untoward circumstances, prevented her attendance upon the worship of God's house. "Any church, rather than none." seems to have been the motto of her life with regard to church attendance; hence, although by early training, and long association, a Congregationalist, she at different periods of her life, and as circumstances required, was identified with, or attended, the Episcopalean, the Baptist, the Presbyterian and the Methodist Episcopal Church; and in each of them she found a religious home, and a field for active Christian work of which she performed no inconsiderable share; and in not a few fields of Christian and philanthropic labor her memory will be fondly cherished for many years to come. Her triumphant Christian departure from the scenes of the earthly life, as described by her pastor, will doubtless prove

an inspiration to all who may become conversant therewith—an inspiration to high thinking, and noble living, and trust in the Heavenly Father, which at the last shall entitle them to an eternal habitation in "the city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God."

"Like the star
That shines afar,
Without haste
And without rest,
Let each man wheel, with steady sway,
Round the task that rules the day,
And do his best."

"Say not of thy friend departed
He is dead; he has but grown
Larger souled and deeper hearted,
Blossoming into skies unknown;
All the air of earth is sweeter
For his being's full release;
And thine own life is completer
For his conquest and his peace."

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